

PS 3174

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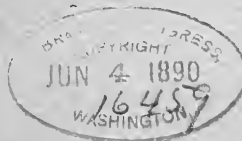


PS 3174

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POEMS
OF
YOUTH.



Mary W.
W. W. W.

Summit

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TO OUR MOTHER,
WHO HAS SO KINDLY ENCOURAGED OUR
EARLY EFFORTS, WE LOVINGLY DEDICATE
THIS LITTLE VOLUME.

Many tender souls
Have strung their losses on a rhyming thread.
As children, cowslips;—the more pains they take,
The work more withers

Alas, near all the birds
Will sing at dawn — and yet we do not take
The chaffering swallow for the holy lark.

MRS. BROWNING.

At close of day,
The convent walls have turned to gray:
Touched by the kiss of Night are they.
In the fading light, how the flow'rs decay!
At close of day.

In dark despair,
Still by the alter's marble stair
An abbess waits for a blessing there;
And hope is changed, in her evening prayer,
To dark despair.

Again the day
Streaks all the convent walls with gray:
Touched by the wings of Death, are they.
The clouds have hidden each rosy ray,
At dawn of day.

And all alone,
An abbess lies on the marble stone;
Nor hears the dirge in the organ's tone.
The answer comes to her life-long moan,
In death alone.

W.

A SONG.

O HATEFUL, teasing hours,
That madly run
From dawn till set of sun;
And will not stay,
But fly apace
To snatch my love from my embrace.

O weary, lagging hours,
That slowly run
From dawn till set of sun:
And will not haste
Their tardy pace,
To yield my love from their embrace.

Yet how unjust am I.
Ye hours by me
Shall no more chided be.
How can I blame
And censure ye
For this, mine own infirmity?

M.

AT EVENING TIME.

THE sun has gone; yet linger, amber bright,
Upon the sapphire threshold of our sight
The golden fringes of his robes of light.

The sombre portals of the day swing fast.
The grim old jailor, Night, with noiseless hands
Has shut us in with bolt and bar and chain.
Here must we stay, until—the darkness past—
The Dawn shall come and burst our prison bands
And lead us forth to Light and Hope again.

M.

A JANUARY MCRNING.

DOWN in the dells and hollows

Lingering mists are lying:

Up in the East arising,

Cometh the King of morning.

Flee, O ye mists, before him !

Who can withstand his coming ?

Flee back to night and darkness;

Back to your caves returning !

Slowly the gray turns purple,

Touched with amber and opal;

Kissed by the risen Sun-god,

Kissed into glad submission.

Deep in our natures linger

Shadowy mists of darkness;

Up on our hearts arising,

Cometh the King of Gladness.

Flee, O ye Mists of Sorrow !

Who can withstand his coming ?

Flee back to night and darkness !

Back to despair, return ye !

The Sun of Righteousness cometh,

Healing his wings are bringing.

Sorrow and Sin and Mourning

Scatter like mists before Him.

M.

LOVE AND APRIL.

LOVE is like April. Sunshine and rain
Play by turns on the window pane.
Storm-clouds drift through the frosty air.
Cold winds frighten the trembling meres.
Snowflakes fluttering everywhere,
Cover the window with tears.

Sunshine bursting through clouds of rain,
Wipes the tears from the window pane.
Soft winds whisper along the way,
Wooing the buds in their accents low.
Robins sing of the coming May.
See ! the whole earth is aglow !
In love's sweet life it is ever so;
Sunshine scatters the tears and snow.
The only contrast with love, is this —
The lover's tears are dispelled by a kiss.

W.

TO MORNING.

EMPTY vision, wherefore stay
Till the dawning of the day ?
From my sight away ! away !

Forth, the birds are singing.

Haste thee, speed thee to be gone,
Senseless vision, time draws on ;
Vanish, for thy work is done !

Matin bells are ringing.

Welcome, merry morning bells,
Sweetly forth thy music swells ;
What mad joy each echo tells !

With the dawn awaking.

Welcome, welcome, morning bright,
Scatter visions of the night,
Drive them with thy golden light,

Day is near the breaking.

W.

DE AMICITIA.

HEAR ! how the drowsy brown bee hums
Among the tall chrysanthemums.
All hearts are glad when Summer comes.

June reigns down in the garden bed;
“ ’Tis June ! ” the red rose gaily said,
“ ’Tis June ! ” the white rose answered.

Two friends walked hand in hand along
In converse sweet, the flowers among,
And all the day was like a song;

But when they reached the roses fair,
One stooped and plucked the blossoms rare
And pinned them on her breast and hair.

“ Like these fair flowers of the day,
Which live but in the sun’s fond ray
And fling their sweet perfume away;

So lives ” she said, in thy embrace
My love, and asks no better grace
Than this, the sunlight of thy face ” —

Still drowsily the brown bee hums
Among the tall chrysanthemums
And soon, Ah soon ! the Autumn comes—

“No gorgeous blossoms white and red
Live in my heart ” the other said,
“Like these chrysanthemums instead,

Which flowerless stand in sun and shower,
My love will live through sorrow’s hour
And bloom amidst the tempest’s power.”

* * * * *

November in the garden bed !
“November !” all the brown leaves said.
November ! and the roses dead !

One walked alone the paths along
With head bowed low, the flowers among;
The song, alas ! how quickly sung !

He saw the ravished flower bed;
He saw the roses dry and dead;
He crushed their leaves beneath his tread.

Against the wall, moss grown and old,
Chrysanthemums in white and gold
Flung up their heads to brave the cold.

No more, no more the brown bee hums
Among the tall chrysanthemums.
Ah me ! how soon the winter comes !

M.

THE WIND.

MOAN, moan, moan.

This is the song of the wind,
As spreading Winter's snow and hail
O'er wold and hill and wooded dale,
It rushes on with gruesome wail,
Leaving but ruin behind.

Moan, moan, moan.

This is the song of the wind,
As down the chimney late at night
It fans the fading embers bright,
While every fainter moaning seems
Deep laden with mysterious streams
Of thoughts that teem with hellish dreams,
Thralling the credulous mind.

Moan, moan, moan.

Ruling supremely, thou blind
Malignant Sprite, now have thy day !
Wield ! wield your sceptre while you may,
For soon you'll yield, to Summer's sway,
Homage, O storm-spreading Wind !

THE WAVES.

OH, the merry blue waves come rolling,
Racing in happiest glee;
For they sing to-day
To a child at play,
On the shell-strewn sands by the sea.

Oh, they fawn at his feet in frolic,
Kissing his dimples with spray;
But the cruel clasp
Of their playful grasp
Grows chill as they bear him away.

On the breast of the ocean leaping,
Singing they merrily go;
For they toss a child
In their antics wild
From crest to crest, to and fro.

But ever their siren music
Sobs, Oh ! so sadly to me;
For the moaning soul
Of the child they stole,
Crys out from its grave in the sea.

Oh, the careless blue waves come rolling,
Racing most merrily still;
And what care they,
Though they sing to-day
To a lonely cot on the hill.

W.

AN EASTER SONG.

Our Lord has written the promise of the resurrection
not in books alone, but in every leaf in Spring-time.

MARTIN LUTHER.

LIKE the first low note
In the organ's throat,
Soon to swell to a burst of glory;
The crocuses spring
To life, and sing
The glad resurrection story.

The violets peep
From Winter's sleep
Their message softly telling.
By South winds shaken,
The willows waken
The grand antiphony swelling.

Each leaf that blows,
Each flower that grows,
Proclaims our Lord ascended.
"He lives again;
Grim Death ! thou'rt slain.
O Grave ! thy vict'ry's ended."

Sad soul, thy gloom,
Each flower's bloom
Reproves with its loving story.
The Lord is risen.
Thy tear-dimmed vision
Can not behold his glory.

O heart be glad !
How canst be sad,
When all things else are singing;
When earth and sky,
To God on High,
With praises loud are ringing ?

M.

A BIT O' STRING.

“JUST a bit o' a string, O Stranger !
Just a bit o' a string or two;
Come, don't be thinkin' there's danger
In what I am goin' to do.

A mere piece of twine will not answer,
It must be a stout bit o' string;
For the tie once knotted must stand, sir,
Till the bells of eternity ring.

It's a cord that no one can, ^{buy} sir;
A cord of true sympathy sweet.
You can give such a cord if you try, sir.
Oh, give it to me, I entreat !

Help bind up a heart that is breaking
From strains far too heavy to bear.
'Tis little, the effort you're making
To free a sad heart from its care.”

* * * * *

A refusal the stranger had spoken,
And scarcely was turning his back,
When he knew that one heart had been
broken,
For he heard those strained heart-strings
crack.

W.

JUNE.

[After Aldrich.]

DAISES in the meadows,
Crushed by racing feet;
South wind and East wind,
Rustling through the wheat.
Berry vines deep fruited,
Cherries ruby red;
Brown and speckled thrushes
Singing over head.
Fairies in the moon-light.
Dancing on the grass;
Butterflies dark spotted,
Flitting, flitting, pass.
Sweetest songs and murmurs
Join in Nature's tune.
What of all the Summer's
Pleasanter than June?

W.

TO A SPRAY OF GOLDEN-ROD.

THOU slender trembling rod of gold,
Thy life thou canst not long with-hold.
Wrap close thy mantle's faded fold
And breathe thy last.
An ardent lover, far too bold,
Is Winter's blast.

Thy dainty robes, O Rod, betray
Thy coming in a fairer day.
Alas! so rashly to display
Thy golden charms.
Who left thee in the common way
For spoilers' arms?

With all thy faults, thou Autumn gem,
I love thee still, in spite of them.
Though faded, broken from thy stem,
And growing old;
I'll wear thee for my diadem,
Thou Rod of Gold!

W.

A HAMMOCK SONG.

TO and fro,
So they go,
Four little restless feet
Prancing like ponies fleet.
Four merry laughing eyes,
Blue as the Summer skies.
Swinging so merrily,
Singing so cherrily;
So they go,
To and fro.

To and fro,
So they go,
Four little weary feet
Bound fast in slumber sweet.
Tight shut the laughing eyes,
Lulled by wind lullabies.
Under green boughs they lie,
Singing so drowsily;
To and fro,
So they go.

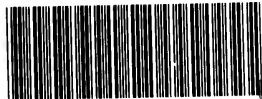
M.

THE VESPER BELL.

THROUGH the peaceful calm of the evening sky,
Through the azure depths of the sky;
There come to my ear and sweetly dwell
The trembling notes of the vesper bell,
Recalling, with each far-echoed swell,
The day that is passing by.
The gently-murmuring accents seem
Deep fraught with some mysterious dream,
Filling the soul with a golden stream
Of thoughts that vanish and die.
Sometimes there come, through the waning light,
Sweet strains from the angel choirs of night,
Strains that pause, in their heavenward flight,
To swell with the bell's low sigh.
The evening wind, with discordant groan,
Re-echoes the notes in their softer tone,
Chanting a dirge in its saddest moan
To hours that forgotten lie.

From the fading light of the evening sky,
From the sable depths of the sky,
Yet circle out on the evening air,
The lingering notes still re-echoed there,
Wafting gently each penitent's prayer
Up to the Palace on High;
And, softly stealing, they seem to be
Floating on to eternity.

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